

2/2/70

EPISODE FOUR.

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

BY

Don Houghton.

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EPISODE FOUR.

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CAST:

DR WHO.
LIZ SHAW (I & II)
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART (I & II)
PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN (I & II)
SIR KEITH MULVANEY (I only)
GREG SUTTON (I & II)
PETRA WILLIAMS (I & II)
UNIT SERGEANT (II only)

EXTRAS:

SOLDIERS, TECHNICIANS, DRIVER, FIRE-FIGHTERS AND 'DISASTER' SQUADMEN.

* * *

SETS:

CENTRAL CONTROL (I & II)
DRILL-HEAD AREA (II only) *Could be Composite*
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II only)
SECURITY CELL (II only)
DOCTOR'S HUT (I only)

EXTERIORS:

Outside the Operational Building (II)
Roadway nearby (II)
Main Roadway inside Complex (II)
Inside Truck (II)

EPISODE FOUR.

"D" WHO AND THE HOLE-BORE"

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OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II).

REPLAY SCENE 16, EPISODE 3.

THE SITUATION HERE HAS DETERIORATED. THE LEAK IN THE BURST FLANGE HAS GROWN WIDER. MORE VAPOUR AND STEAM POURS INTO THE PLACE.

MOST OF THE TECHNICIANS ARE BEGINNING TO DESERT THEIR POSTS AND ARE DASHING FOR THE TUNNEL LEADING TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE LEAKING PIPE WE CAN HEAR THAT AWFUL SCREECHING NOISE.

CUT TO:

2. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

REPLAY THE SECOND HALF OF SCENE 17, EPISODE 3, FROM:

THE DOCTOR IS BUSY SEARCHING THROUGH THE TOOLBAGS NEAR THE DEFUNCT COMP-UTOR.

DR WHO: (TO HIMSELF) There must be a spare micro-circuit here somewhere:

HE STARTS FRANTICALLY EMPTYING OUT ALL THE BITS AND PIECES AND SPARE PARTS FROM THE TOOLBAG. HE LOOKS UP BRIEFLY AND FROM HIS P.C.V. WE CAN SEE SOME WISPS OF THIN VAPOUR CREEPING INTO THE AREA FROM THE DRILL-HEAD. HE RETURNS TO HIS SEARCH OF THE TOOLBAG.

WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIM AND SEE HIS EYES LIGHT UP AS HE DISCOVERS A SMALL BUNDLE OF MICRO-CIRCUITS: THE QUESTION IS - WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE?

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DOCTOR HEARS THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A GUN (RIFLE OR AUTOMATIC WEAPON) BEING COCKED RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

HE TURNS - AND IS LOOKING RIGHT INTO THE MUZZLE OF A GUN HELD AT HIS HEAD BY THE SERGEANT. THE MAN IS SMILING COOLLY. HE MOVES IN VERY CLOSE ON HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER - TIGHTENING..

THE DOCTOR GRINACES, TEASING HIMSELF FOR THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET...

DR WHO: (TAUT) There'll be the very devil to pay if you let that thing off in here, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: (COOLY) Just doing my duty. Just shooting a saboteur. Save us all a lot of trouble in the end.

BUT LIZ HAS APPEARED AT THE MAN'S ELBOW.

LIZ: (HARSHLY) Sergeant!

SERGEANT: Well within regulations, ma'am. Saboteur tampering with the computer...

LIZ: Put that gun down.

RELUCTANTLY THE MAN LOWERS HIS GUN.

SERGEANT: I think you're making a mistake, ma'am. I could have finished it here and now - nice and cleanly.

IN THE B.G. STAHLMAN IS BUSY TRYING TO TURN THE FLEEING TECHNICIANS BACK TO THE DRILL-HEAD.

LIZ: This is not the time.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) Thank you.

LIZ: I'm not concerned with saving your skin.

DR WHO: Well, thank you anyway. Incidentally, I think I might be able to get this computer working again.

LIZ: Leave it alone.

DR WHO: It might just show us how to combat this particular crisis.

LIZ: It's none of your concern.

BUT THE DOCTOR CONTINUES TO CHECK THROUGH THE SMALL BATCH OF MICRO-CIRCUITS.

DR WHO: I'd say it was everyone's concern.

LIZ: (TO THE SERGEANT) Get him back to the Brigadier's office.

THE SERGEANT STEPS FORWARD AND
POINTS THE DOCTOR WITH HIS GUN.

DR WHO: I wish you wouldn't do that.

SERGEANT: Look, I'm just itching to pull
this trigger...

DR WHO: (SUDDENLY) Wait! I think this
might be it.

AND HE HOLDS UP ONE OF THE MICRO-
CIRCUITS.

SERGEANT: Come on...

DR WHO: At least let me try it. Won't take
a second.

AND HE EDGES ROUND TO THE SIDE OF THE
COMPUTOR.

DR WHO: All I have to do is...

SERGEANT: (HARSHLY) I said, come on...

LIZ: Let him try.

SERGEANT: Wha...

LIZ: Let him try. There's nothing to
lose.

AND WITHOUT WAITING FOR LIZ TO CHANGE
HER MIND THE DOCTOR SLIPS THE MICRO-
CIRCUIT INTO THE SIDE OF THE MACHINE.
HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND SWITCHES IT ON.
IMMEDIATELY THE COMPUTOR SPRINGS TO
LIFE - AND STARTS CHATTERING OUT INF-
ORMATION. THE DOCTOR SMILES IN TRIUM-
PH - AND RELIEF.

DR WHO: Just one or two adjustments here
and there...

HE STARTS FIDDLING WITH KNOBS AND
SWITCHES.

DR WHO: Obviously the machine is already
aware of the situation and is assessing the
immediate problems.

OVER ON THE FAR SIDE OF CENTRAL CONT-
ROL STAHLMAN SPOTS THE GROUP OVER
AT THE COMPUTOR - AND REALISES THAT
THE MACHINE IS WORKING AGAIN. IN A
TOWERING RAGE HE STORMS OVER TO THE
DOCTOR. PETRA FOLLOWS AFTER HIM.
SUTTON MOVES AWAY FROM HIS DISASTER
SQUAD AND COMES INTO THE B.G.

AS STAHLMAN ARRIVES THE DOCTOR IS
ALREADY MUTTERING OVER THE COMPUTOR
TAPE MAKING LIGHTENING CALCULATIONS,

more:

AS HE TRANSCRIBES THE INFORMATION ON IT.

STAHLMAN: (FURIOUS) What the devil's going on here ?

LIZ: The computer is working again, Professor. This man fixed it...

STAHLMAN: And who allowed him to even approach the machine ?

LIZ: We lost sight of him during the initial confusion...

STAHLMAN: That is no excuse ! Get him away from here.

SUTTON: Since the machine is working again - why not see what it has to say about the situation ?

STAHLMAN: The computer is unreliable. We are working to my own calculations !

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) And have you got a ready made answer for this particular emergency, Professor ?

STAHLMAN: This trouble will resolve itself.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS OVER TO THE SMALL GROUP OF SHAKEN TECHNICIANS WHO HAVE FLED FROM THE DRILL-HEAD.

DR WHO: You try telling your staff that.

SUTTON: At least let's hear if the computer can offer us anything. (TO THE DOCTOR) Can you transcribe what it says ?

DR WHO: Yes. (BEAT) The pressures and the heat are overpowering the present velocity of the drill-bit.

PETRA: It doesn't need a computer to tell us that.

DR WHO: The problem is to momentarily disperse the pressure and the heat.

SUTTON: How ?

DR WHO: Create a reverse vortex down at the bottom of the shaft.

STAHLMAN: Impossible. The only answer is to swamp the entire shaft with coolant.

SUTTON: You could never get enough of the stuff down there.

STAHLMAN: Given time...

DR. WHO: You have no reserves of time, Professor.

SUTTON: How do you create a reverse vortex?

DR. WHO: Sometimes the obvious solution is the one most likely to escape us.

SUTTON: For goodness sake, get to the point! You scientific wallahs are all the blasted same! What is the answer?

DR. WHO: (EVENLY) Reverse all the systems.

STAHLMAN: Ridiculous!

PETRA: Wouldn't do the slightest bit of good.

SUTTON: Wait a minute. The idea isn't as crazy as it sounds. It's been done before.

PETRA: (SARCASM) With an oil shaft, Mr Sutton?

SUTTON: Yes! In Arabia - and once before that in Texas! I was in Arabia when it happened. Everything else had failed - and then someone, instead of closing down the whole shabang, pushed everything into reverse.

DR. WHO: The drill-bit included.

SUTTON: That's right!

STAHLMAN: Out of the question.

SUTTON: It's worth a try. What have we got to lose?

STAHLMAN: It could smash the whole system.

SUTTON: Looks to me as though it's getting pretty well smashed up right now!

DR. WHO: And you're wasting time.

PETRA: (THOUGHTFULLY) As a last measure, Professor...

DR. WHO: Push the coolant down the Output pipes - and drag up the debris from the bottom of the shaft through the Input pipes.

SUTTON: Well, Professor?

STAHLMAN IS CORNERED. THEN FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE DRILL-HEAD THE SOUND OF SCREECHING SUDDENLY INTENSIFIES.

STAHLMAN: (SHRUGS) Try it.

PETRA AND SUTTON MOVE QUICKLY AWAY.
THEY RELAY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE TECH-
NICIANS.

PETRA: (UP) Reverse all systems!

SUTTON: And bypass Number 2 Outlet pipe!

THE TECHNICIANS FRANTICALLY SET TO
WORK, TURNING DIALS, PULLING LEVERS,
PUSHING SWITCHES.

STAHLMAN SCOWLS AT THE DOCTOR AND
THEN TURNS TO LIZ.

STAHLMAN: (VERY TENSE) Get the prisoner
out of my Control Area! Now!

DR WHO: At least let me see if...

STAHLMAN: I said - now!

THE SERGEANT MOVES FORWARD AND
PRODS THE DOCTOR AGAIN WITH HIS GUN.

DR WHO: I asked you not to do that...

LIZ: Don't make things any more diff-
icult for yourself.

THE DOCTOR SHRUGS AND HE ACCOMPANIES
LIZ AND THE SERGEANT BACK TO THE BRIG-
ADIER'S OFFICE.

STAHLMAN GLOWERS AFTER HIM - AND
THEN TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK.

CUT TO:

3. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II). SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR, THE SERGEANT AND LIZ
COME IN.

DR WHO: He might have let me stay - just
to see if the idea worked.

LIZ: You seem to know a great deal
about the Mole-Bore.

DR WHO: Enough.

LIZ: You are a scientist?

DR WHO: Of sorts.

LIZ: Where did you come from?

DR WHO: I told you.

LIZ: That ridiculous story about
another world, another dimension...

DR WHO: ...Running parallel to this one. You see, I've travelled through a dimension - not upwards or downwards - but sideways.

LIZ: You are quite mad.

DR WHO: Yet sane enough to offer a solution to the present crisis.

LIZ: If you told us the truth - there might just be some hope for you.

DR WHO: Your own counterpart, Liz - in that other world - knows that I am not in the habit of telling lies.

LIZ: (SARCASM) And this other woman - this one that looks like me - what does she do ?

DR WHO: It's not that she looks like you - she is you. I do wish I could make you understand that. (BEAT) The other Liz is a scientist. She works with me.

LIZ: And I am a Security Officer.

DR WHO: Yes, but maybe that's because I do not really exist in this duplicate world.

LIZ: Then you are most fortunate. You will not feel the bullets from the rifles of the firing squad, when the time comes.

DR WHO: I wish that were so. (BEAT) I am to be shot then ?

LIZ: It's the fate of all saboteurs.

THE DOCTOR GIVES OUT WITH A LONG SIGH. THEN A THOUGHT STRIKES HIM.

DR WHO: Tell me, did you ever think of becoming a scientist ?

LIZ FROWNS AND LOWERS HER EYES.

DR WHO: (SMILES) I can see you did.

LIZ: (SHRUGS) I took a Doctorate in Physics.

DR WHO: So your mind process runs along a similar parallel to that of hers - the other Liz. Don't you find that interesting ?

LIZ, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS HAVING SOME DOUBTS.

LIZ: (LOW) Who are you ?

DR WHO: No. Paradoxically - I am Who.

LIZ: You don't make sense and your story is impossible.

DR WHO: Why ?

THE SERGEANT STEPS FORWARD.

SERGEANT: Don't you think it's time I took him down to the Security Cells, ma'am ?

LIZ: No. Wait until the Brigadier gets back.

AND LIZ BUSIES HERSELF WITH SOME PAPER WORK ON THE BRIGADIER'S DESK.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR LEADING OUT TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

DR WHO: I wish they'd let me stay in there. I'm interested to see if my scheme works.

LIZ: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) It had better work - for your sake. Otherwise life for you, in the next few hours, is going to become very unpleasant.

THE DOCTOR RAISES HIS EYEBROWS AND SHRUGS.

MIX TO:

4. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). LATER.

INSIDE THE NOW EMPTY DRILL-HEAD AREA THE STEAM AND GASES FROM THE LEAKING FLANGE BEGIN TO SUBSIDE. THE FROTHING EVIL LIQUID WHICH HAD GATHERED ON THE FLOOR UNDER THE PIPE BEGINS TO EVAPORATE QUICKLY.

EMERGENCY LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLICK OFF AND THE ALARM BELLS BECOME SILENT.

CUT TO:

5. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE TENSION HERE BEGINS TO RELAX. REVERSING THE SYSTEMS HAS DONE THE TRICK. HERE, TOO, THE ALARMS SHUT DOWN.

STAHLMAN MOVES THROUGH TO THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE DRILL-HEAD AREA.

SUTTON MOVES OVER TO PETRA.

SUTTON: It worked.

PETRA: Yes.

SUTTON: Just as that fellow said it would. I wonder who he is ?

PETRA: A saboteur.

SUTTON: How come a saboteur saves our skin ?

PETRA: I don't know.

SUTTON: Anyway, I'd better get that
Number 2 Output pipe fixed.

PETRA: That will mean cutting down the
drill to minimum revs.

SUTTON: Of course. You couldn't continue
conventional drilling with the pipe the way it is.

PETRA: The Professor...

SUTTON: Even he'd have to agree with that.

AND SUTTON MOVES OVER TO HIS DISASTER
CREW. THE MEN ARE STANDING DOWN.
PETRA GOES TO A LARGE ELECTRONIC
PANEL.

WORK IN CENTRAL CONTROL RETURNS TO
NORMAL.

CUT TO:

C. INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (II), SAME TIME.

THE WHINING BACKGROUND SOUND OF MACH-
INERY DROPS A TONE OR TWO. LIZ AND
THE SERGEANT EXCHANGE GLANCES.

THE PHONE ON THE DESK BUZZES. LIZ
PICKS IT UP.

LIZ: (INTO PHONE) Yes ? (PAUSE)
I see. Thank you.

AND SHE REPLACES THE PHONE. SHE
TURNS HER ATTENTION TO THE DOCTOR.

LIZ: The emergency is over.

DR WHO: Good.

LIZ: Your idea worked.

DR WHO: And do you think anyone is going
to thank me for it ?

THE BRIGADIER COMES IN. THERE'S A
SCOWL ON HIS FACE.

BRIGADIER: I understand the prisoner has been
allowed to interfere with things in Central Control

DR WHO: (TO LIZ) You see what I mean ?

AND HE SMILES DRILY AT HER.

CUT TO:

TK 1, Outside the Operational Building (II), Day.

The fire-fighting tenders and 'disaster' trucks disperse. The guarding soldiers stand down.

Cut to:

7. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II), LATER.

SUTTON IS SUPERVISING A GANG OF RIGGERS WHO ARE BUSILY REPAIRING THE BURST FLANGE.

STAHLMAN MOVES TO SUTTON.

STAHLMAN: How long?

SUTTON: Almost finished.

STAHLMAN: Good. Then we shall continue with the drilling.

SUTTON: At reduced revs.

STAHLMAN: No. It is my intention to accelerate again as soon as possible.

SUTTON: I don't advise it.

STAHLMAN: By now you should know that I take advice from no one.

SUTTON: Except that prisoner.

STAHLMAN: (ANGRILY) I would have reached the same conclusions.

SUTTON: But he beat you to it.

STAHLMAN: I advise you to watch your tongue, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: Okay, okay. But why this head-long rush to break through? What difference is a few hours going to make?

STAHLMAN: (TENSE) Time is all important. All important.

AND STAHLMAN MOVES AWAY TO THE FAR CORNER OF THE AREA. WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIM AND ONCE AGAIN WE HEAR THAT ECHOING, SCREECHING SOUND AS THOUGH IT WERE COMING FROM INSIDE HIS HEAD. HIS FACE TWISTS AND HE PUTS HIS HANDS UP TO HIS TEMPLES.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE (ID). LATER,

THE BRIGADIER IS INTERROGATING THE DOCTOR, WHO IS SEATED IN FRONT OF THE DESK WITH TWO LAMPS SHINING DIRECTLY INTO HIS EYES IN TRUE THIRD DEGREE FASHION.

LIZ AND THE SERGEANT STAND IN THE B.G.

BRIGADIER: I want to know the name of the organisation that employs you.

DR WHO: (WEARILY) There is no organisation.

BRIGADIER: What foreign Government, then ?

DR WHO: None.

BRIGADIER: How did you get into this Complex?

DR WHO: We've been all over this,

BRIGADIER: And we'll keep going over it again - and again - until I get some answers.

DR WHO: This business with the lights - It's a bit on the melodramatic side, isn't it ?

BRIGADIER: (DOGGEDLY) How did you get into this Complex ?

DR WHO: I sprouted a pair of rather elegant peacocks wings and flew in - over the guards and the barbed wire and the watchdogs.

SUDDENLY THE DULL DRONE OF MACHINERY INCREASES IN PITCH.

BRIGADIER: I will get some answers from you !

AND HE SMASHES HIS FIST DOWN ON THE DESK TOP.

THE DOCTOR GETS QUICKLY TO HIS FEET.

DR WHO: Listen !

BRIGADIER: To what ?

DR WHO: The drilling - they've started up again. Accelerated pace !

BRIGADIER: So ?

DR WHO: So he's really going through with it. After all that's happened - he's still determined to break through the Earth's outer crust just as quickly as he can. He's a maniac. Or something much worse...

BRIGADIER: Sit down !

DR. WHO: He must be stopped. If no one will listen to me - surely someone will take notice of that computer out there!

THE SERGEANT MOVES FORWARD TO PUSH THE DOCTOR BACK INTO THE CHAIR.

DR. WHO: Can't you see that there's something wrong with Stahlman? Just as there was something wrong with that soldier who fell from the catwalk - and the Technician, the one who's still running around loose somewhere!

THE DOOR OPENS AND STAHLMAN COMES IN. HE'S ABOUT TO SPEAK TO THE BRIGADIER WHEN HE NOTICES THAT THE DOCTOR IS STILL HERE.

STAHLMAN: What is this man doing here?

BRIGADIER: Interrogation, Professor.

STAHLMAN: I gave orders...

BRIGADIER: But we have still not identified the man, sir. Records have nothing on file...

STAHLMAN: I'm not interested in records! He is a saboteur! He must be dealt with as such - immediately!

THE DOCTOR IS STARING AT STAHLMAN'S GLOVED HANDS.

DR. WHO: (QUIETLY) May the condemned man ask one simple last request, Professor?

STAHLMAN: No...

DR. WHO: (REGARDLESS) What's the matter with your hands?

STAHLMAN: What?

DR. WHO: Why are you wearing those cotton gloves?

STAHLMAN: None of your business.

DR. WHO: (TO THE BRIGADIER) Are you a gambler, Brigadier? If you are - then I'll lay you a thousand pounds to a penny he won't dare take off those gloves in front of you.

BY NOW THE OTHER THREE ARE ALL STARING AT STAHLMAN'S GLOVES.

DR. WHO: Well?

BRIGADIER: Bound to be some logical reason.

LIZ: (SLOWLY) Bound to be.

THEN STAHLMAN SMILES.

STAHLMAN: So we are to indulge the prisoner in his little whims, are we ?

BRIGADIER: That's not necessary, Professor.

STAHLMAN: Nevertheless...

AND HE SLOWLY DRAWS BACK THE COTTON GLOVE ON HIS LEFT HAND. UNDERNEATH WE SEE THAT THE WHOLE OF THE HAND IS BANDAGED.

STAHLMAN: Some time ago a jar of unidentified substance was brought into Central Control for my inspection...

DR WHO: (SLOWLY) ...And the jar began to crack...

STAHLMAN: ...So I quickly replaced it in its container. The substance, whatever it was, was very hot. I scorched my hands on the jar. A medic put a burn dressing on for me.

DR WHO: Which medic ?

BUT STAHLMAN IS ALREADY PULLING THE GLOVE BACK ON.

STAHLMAN: Does it matter ?

DR WHO: I'll bet you put those bandages on yourself - to cover...

BRIGADIER: Alright, that's enough !

DR WHO: Some of that substance, that liquid, touched you, didn't it, Professor ? Just a mild little touch - but enough to infect you...

BRIGADIER: Take him away ! Down to the Security Cells.

THE SERGEANT GRABS THE DOCTOR AND BUNDLES HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR.

DR WHO: (OVER HIS SHOULDER) I'm afraid you'll have to accept my I.O.U. for that bet, Brigadier.

AND THE SERGEANT BUNDLES THE DOCTOR OUT. STAHLMAN TURNS TO THE BRIGADIER.

STAHLMAN: Brigadier, if I ever set eyes on that man again - I shall personally see to it that you are Court Martialled.

STAHLMAN'S EYES NARROW DANGEROUSLY
BUT THE BRIGADIER HAS NO CHANCE TO
ANSWER HIM BEFORE STAHLMAN TURNS
AND EXITS, BACK TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

THE BRIGADIER RUNS HIS HAND THROUGH
HIS HAIR.

BRIGADIER: He will, too.

LIZ: (THOUGHTFULLY) I wonder ?

BRIGADIER: He has the power.

LIZ: I'm sorry - I wasn't thinking about
Court/Martials.

AND SHE EXITS THROUGH THE DOOR LEAD-
ING TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

LIZ COMES IN. SHE GOES STRAIGHT OVER
TO THE CHATTERING COMPUTER AND
STANDS STARING AT IT THOUGHTFULLY.

IN THE B.G. WE CAN SEE STAHLMAN MOVING
AWAY INTO THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE
DRILL-HEAD AREA.

OVER IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CONTROL
AREA PETRA AND SUTTON ARE TALKING.

SUTTON: ...I think we should have checked
out the whole system, from top to bottom, whilst
we had the drill at minimum revs.

PETRA: The Professor knows what he is
doing, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON: I hope so.

PETRA: You can get into serious trouble
for that sort of talk.

SUTTON: If I am reported.

PETRA: It would be my duty.

SUTTON: And you always do your duty.

PETRA: I always have - before.

SUTTON: But maybe the dutiful Petra
Williams has started having a few doubts?

PETRA: No.

SUTTON: A few days ago you would have
said that with just a little more conviction.

AND SUTTON WALKS AWAY. PETRA FROWNS

more;

WRITE:

EPISODE FOUR.

Page 15. Discard Scene 10 and substitute the following:

10. INT. SECURITY CELL (II). SAME TIME.

A NARROW CORRIDOR RUNS ALONGSIDE TWO SMALL CELLS, EACH ONE CAGED ON ONE SIDE WITH VERTICAL STEEL BARS. IN EACH ONE THERE IS A ROUGH BUNK, A CHAIR AND A SMALL WOODEN TABLE. THE CELLS ARE SITUATED SIDE BY SIDE.

THE DOCTOR IS BEING SHOVED ALONG THE CORRIDOR BY THE SERGEANT.

DR WHO: ...And I'll have you know that your counterpart, on that other Earth, is a more pleasant, more sociable sort of chap, Sergeant. I do wish you'd try and emulate him a little more.

THE DOCTOR HAS SPOTTED AN OCCUPANT IN THE FIRST CELL. A FIGURE IS Huddled UP ON THE BUNK, COVERED BY A BLANKET.

DR WHO: Hallo, so I've got a fellow sufferer, have I? What did he do - park on the wrong side of the road?

A SENTRY COMES IN FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CORRIDOR AND SLIDES BACK THE BARS TO OPEN THE FAR CELL.

SERGEANT: (GRUFFLY) Get moving!

DR WHO: Well, at least you might tell me who he is.

SERGEANT: Technician from the Nuclear Reactor.

DR WHO: Oh yes, I've met him.

SERGEANT: Went berserk.

DR WHO: I know. Had you managed to apprehend him?

SERGEANT: Shot a tranquilliser dart into him. They don't give us any trouble after that. Should have done the same to you.

DR WHO: Isn't he dangerous?

SERGEANT: Not now.

DR WHO: Yes, but...

SERGEANT: You want the same medicine?

DR WHO: Not particularly.

SERGEANT: Well, get into that other cell!

- AND THEN LOOKS UP AT THE CCUNTDOWN INDICATOR.

OVER AT THE COMPUTER LIZ ALSO LOOKS ROUND TO THE INDICATOR.

WE COME IN CLOSE ON THE INDICATOR AND THE DEPTH DIAGRAM: C.I. 01HR: 5 MINS. DEPTH: 107,000.

CUT TO:

10. INT. SECURITY CELL (II). SAME TIME.

THIS IS A SMALL CELL, CAGED ON ONE SIDE WITH VERTICAL STEEL BARS. THERE'S A ROUGH BUNK, A CHAIR AND A SMALL WOODEN TABLE. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS IS A CORRIDOR.

THE DOCTOR IS BEING SHOVED ALONG THE CORRIDOR BY THE SERGEANT. A SENTRY COMES IN FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND SLIDES BACK THE BARS TO OPEN THE CELL.

DR WHO: (TO THE SERGEANT) ...And I'll have you know that your counterpart, on that other Earth, is a much more pleasant, much more sociable sort of chap, Sergeant!

THE DOCTOR IS PUSHED UN CEREMONIOUSLY INTO THE CELL. HE GOES TO THE BARS AS THEY SLAM SHUT.

DR WHO: I do wish you'd try and emulate him a little more!

THE SERGEANT IGNORES HIM AND TURNS TO THE SENTRY.

SERGEANT: You're not to talk to the prisoner, you understand? You'll be relieved in two hours.

AND THE SERGEANT MARCHES AWAY. THE SENTRY TAKES UP A POSITION IN THE CORRIDOR AND STARTS PATROLLING UP AND DOWN, KEEPING A WARY EYE ON THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR COMES AWAY FROM THE BARS AND INSPECTS THE CELL.

DR WHO: (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) H'mmm, miserable sort of place... And they're not overabundant with their furnishings, either.

HE GOES BACK TO THE BARS AND EXAMINES THEM CAREFULLY.

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) Chrome steel... Need more than a nail file to get through that!

THE DOCTOR IS PUSHED UNCEREMONIOUS INTO THE EMPTY CELL. HE GOES TO THE BARS AS THE SENTRY SLAMS THEM SHUT

SERGEANT: (TO THE SENTRY) You're not to talk to the prisoner, you understand ? You'll be relieved in two hours.

AND THE SERGEANT MARCHES AWAY. THE SENTRY TAKES UP A POSITION IN THE CORRIDOR AND STARTS PATROLLING UP AND DOWN, KEEPING A WARY EYE ON THE DOCTOR - AND THE OTHER PRISONER.

THE DOCTOR COMES AWAY FROM THE BAR AND INSPECTS THE CELL.

DR WHO: (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)
H'mmm, miserable sort of place... And they'r not overabundant with the furnishings, either.

HE GOES BACK TO THE BARS AND EXAMIN THEM CAREFULLY.

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) Chrome steel...
Need more than a nail file to get through that !

Continue on to page 16.

HE LOOKS OVER TO THE SENTRY.

DR WHO: (CALLS) Any chance of anything to eat?

THE MAN IGNORES HIM COMPLETELY.

DR WHO: Cup of tea? Cocoa? Glass of water, then?

THE DOCTOR SIGHS AND COMES AWAY FROM THE BARS.

DR WHO: You really are an unfriendly lot.

HE FLOPS DOWN ON THE HARD BUNK AND WINCES.

DR WHO: (TO HIMSELF) Yes, most unfriendly and most disagreeable... Not at all like their 'duplicates' back on Earth - the other Earth... Except, of course, for Stahlman... But then you find that type everywhere, don't you? Egomaniac - classical case...

HE LIES BACK ON THE BUNK AND WE MOVE IN CLOSE AS HE MUSES TO HIMSELF.

DR WHO: (VOICE OVER) But the others... Wonder if they're missing me back there? Liz, the Brigadier, Sir Keith - or is he dead, I wonder - like his counterpart here? Petra, that new fellow Sutton... Poor Liz - wonder how she's getting on ...?

HIS EYES CLOSE SLEEPILY. STILL HOLDING ON HIS FACE WE

DISSOLVE VERY SLOWLY TO:

PRERECORD 1)

11. INT. DOCTOR'S HUT, DAY.

BACK ON EARTH 1, THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR'S HUT.

THE PLACE IS EMPTY, AS IT WAS AFTER THE DOCTOR ACTIVATED THE CONSOLE AND DISAPPEARED.

THE ORIGINAL LIZ SITS MOROSELY STARING AT THE FLOOR WHERE THE CONSOLE ONCE STOOD.

THE (ORIGINAL) BRIGADIER COMES IN. LIZ TURNS AS HE ENTERS.

LIZ: Any news?

BRIGADIER: I'm sorry, Liz. My men have searched the entire Complex thoroughly. There's no sign of the Doctor.

BRIGADIER: So you're going up to London after all, Sir Keith ?

SIR KEITH: Yes, to the Ministry. I know it won't do much good - but I must lodge some sort of official protest about Stahlman. My position here is intolerable.

LIZ: You won't be here when the Mole-Bore penetrates the outer crust, sir.

SIR KEITH: No. And I must admit I'm not altogether sorry about that. I still feel the Doctor was right. There's something evil about that shaft - and this whole operation. If I could get them to carry out more tests... (HE SHRUGS)

LIZ: I wish you luck.

SIR KEITH: I shall need more than luck. They stopped listening to me a long time ago. Stahlman: their blue-eyed boy now - and I doubt if they'll hear anything against him. (BEAT) Any sign of the Doctor ?

LIZ: No. None.

SIR KEITH: I should have liked to have taken him with me to London. He might have made them listen.

LIZ: Yes. He might have.

SIR KEITH PREPARES TO EXIT.

BRIGADIER: They say the main roads are very congested today, Sir Keith. Would you like a UNIT escort ?

SIR KEITH: No, thank you, Brigadier. Best if I go with as little fuss as possible.

AND HE GOES.

LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER LOOK UP TO THE COUNTDOWN INDICATOR AND THE DEPTH DIAGRAM.

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE PETRA, TOO, IS STARING AT THE INDICATOR AND THE DIAGRAM.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE BACK TO:

13. INT. SECURITY CELL (II).

WE'RE BACK IN THE EARTH II WARP.

THE DOCTOR IS ASLEEP ON THE BUNK. SUDDENLY HE FROWNS, BLINKS OPEN HIS EYES AND SITS UP ABRUPTLY, FULLY AWAKE. HE LOOKS QUICKLY AROUND THE CELL TO READJUST. THEN HE PUTS HIS HEAD ON ONE SIDE, LISTENING. SOMETHING HAS WOKEN HIM UP - BUT HE CAN'T, FOR THE MOMENT, FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS.

CAUTIOUSLY AND QUIETLY HE GETS OFF THE BUNK AND TIPTOES OVER TO THE BARS. AT FIRST THE CORRIDOR LOOKS AS THOUGH IT IS EMPTY. BUT THEN HE SEES THE FIGURE OF THE SENTRY STANDING LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, AS THOUGH ASLEEP. HE'S FAIRLY CLOSE TO THE BARS - AND THE DOCTOR CAN SEE A BUNCH OF KEYS ON A CHAIN AT THE MAN'S WAIST. VERY CAREFULLY THE DOCTOR REACHES HIS ARM THROUGH THE BARS TO TRY AND GET THEM. BUT AT THIS ANGLE HE CAN'T SEE WHAT HE'S DOING - AND, INSTEAD OF GETTING THE KEYS - HE GRABS THE MAN'S JACKET INADVERTENTLY. FEARFUL THAT HE HAS WOKEN UP THE SENTRY, THE DOCTOR WITHDRAWS HIS ARM QUICKLY - JUST AS THE MAN'S BODY LURCHES SIDEWAYS AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR. THE SOLDIER IS DEAD. THE DOCTOR STARES IN HORROR AT THE BURNT, SHOULDERING TATTERS OF THE MAN'S UNIFORM WHERE IT COVERS HIS BACK.

SUDDENLY A TERRIFYING SCREECH RENTS THE AIR. THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP. ON THE WALL OF THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE CELL A GROTESQUE, ENORMOUS APE-LIKE SILHOUETTE IS SHADOWED CLEARLY - ITS HUGE ARMS REACHING FORWARD.

THEN, FROM THAT SAME DIRECTION, STAHLMAN COMES INTO VIEW. THE SHADOW OF THE MONSTER BEHIND HIM DROPS HIS ARMS AND WAITS. STAHLMAN OBVIOUSLY HAS THE CREATURE UNDER CONTROL. HE APPROACHES THE DEAD SENTRY AND TAKES THE KEYS FROM HIM. THE GLOVES ARE NO LONGER ON THE PROFESSOR'S HANDS - AND WE SEE THE BANDAGES HANGING IN SHREDS, SHOWING CLEARLY THE AWFUL CLAWS BENEATH THEM AND THE COARSE, Matted HAIR ON THE ARMS ABOVE. HE COMES TO THE BARS, HIS EYES FIXED ON THE DOCTOR, BLAZING WITH A STRANGE FURY. THE DOCTOR BACKS UP TO THE FAR WALL OF THE CELL. STAHLMAN FITS THE KEY IN THE LOCK AND SLIDES BACK THE BARS.

DR WHO: (DESPERATELY)) Stahlman...

STAHLMAN SCREECHES HIS ANGER.

DR WHO: Look, you're ill, Stahlman...
Infected... Something from the shaft... Perhaps I can help you...

STAHLMAN COMES INTO THE CELL AND ADVANCES ON THE DOCTOR. HE STOPS SCREECHING - AND, FOR A MOMENT, A GLIMMER OF SANITY RETURNS TO HIM.

STAHLMAN: You are trying to stop me! You are the only threat... I must get beneath the Earth's crust... I must!

DR. WHO: Stahlman, you must listen to me Listen - with whatever part of your conscious, scientific mind is left to you! Your body is going through a degenerating process...

STAHLMAN SCREECHES. SLOWLY THE DOCTOR RETREATS INTO A CORNER.

DR. WHO: You'll end up like that - thing!

AND HE POINTS TO THE SHADOW OF THE MONSTER BEHIND. THE THING ALSO SCREECHES.

DR. WHO: It is - it was the technician, wasn't it? The one who was infected earlier... Don't you realise...

BUT BY THIS TIME STAHLMAN'S EYES ARE BLAZING AGAIN. IN A FURY HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE DOCTOR, REACHING OUT WITH THOSE GROTESQUE ARMS. THE DOCTOR SIDE-STEPS JUST IN TIME. STAHLMAN TURNS - FORTUNATELY THE DOCTOR IS CLOSE TO THE CHAIR AND HE SLINGS IT AT THE PROFESSOR. IT CATCHES HIM OFF BALANCE AND GIVES THE DOCTOR JUST ENOUGH TIME TO DART THROUGH THE OPEN CELL-GATE AND INTO THE CORRIDOR. HE SLAMS THE SLIDING BARS BACK INTO PLACE AND IS RELIEVED TO HEAR THEM CLICK-LOCK AUTOMATICALLY.

BUT THE DOCTOR'S NOT OUT OF TROUBLE YET. THAT SCREECHING SOUND ROARS OUT AGAIN - THIS TIME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE SHADOW OF THE MONSTER. WE CAN SEE ITS ARMS REACH FORWARD IN SILHOUETTE - AND IT MOVES SLOWLY TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR BACKS UP AGAINST THE WALL OF THE CORRIDOR AND HIS HAND TOUCHES A FIRE EXTINGUISHER BRACKETED THERE. REMEMBERING THE EFFECT THE FOAM HAD EARLIER, HE GRABS IT DOWN AND TURNS THE NOZZLE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HIDDEN CREATURE. A JET OF FOAM SHOTS OUT - AND WE CAN SEE THE MONSTER REEL BACK FROM THE LIQUID. THE CREATURE HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY HELD AT BAY - FOR THE TIME BEING.

NOW DANGER THREATENS FROM ANOTHER SOURCE. STAHLMAN IS AT THE BARS OF THE CELL. HIS DEFORMED HANDS AND ARMS SEEM TO POSSESS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. HE TEARS AT THE CHROME STEEL BARS - AND THEY BUCKLE UNDER

more!

THE ONSLAUGHT. WITHIN SECONDS STAHLMAN HAS TORN HIMSELF FREE AND MOVED TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR'S ONLY ESCAPE LIES BEHIND HIM. HE HURLS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER AT STAHLMAN AND FLEES DOWN THE OPPOSITE END OF THE CORRIDOR, OUT OF SIGHT.

WITH A SCREECH OF BLAZING FURY STAHLMAN HURRIES AFTER HIM.

THE SILHOUETTED SHADOW OF THE UNSEEN MONSTER HAS DISAPPEARED.

CUT TO:

TR 2, Roadway nearby (II), Day.

A fire-fighting truck stands at the curbside.

The DOCTOR comes tearing out of a nearby building, casting anxious glances behind him. He spots the truck and runs to it.

STAHLMAN comes shooting out after him - but stops suddenly. The DRIVER of the truck has appeared. Quickly STAHLMAN rams his grotesque, clawlike hands deep into the pockets of his white coat. He turns away from the DRIVER.

In the meantime, the DOCTOR has clambered into the back of the truck - and is out of sight.

The DRIVER gets into the vehicle's cab. The engine is started - and the truck moves away - with the DOCTOR inside it.

STAHLMAN, with a grunt of frustrated rage, moves away.

Cut to:

14. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II), SAME TIME.

(C.I. 00HRS: 35MINS. DEPTH: VERY CLOSE TO THE 100,000FT MARK - ONLY ONE OR TWO LIGHTS REMAINING TO BE LIT BEFORE THE FINAL STRATA IS PENETRATED.)

EVERYONE IS HUSHED. TENSION IS MOUNTING. TECHNICIANS WORK SILENTLY AT THEIR POSTS.

LOUDSPEAKER: (V.D.) Condition Amber One Five minutes before final countdown commences. Condition Amber One. Check all relay systems. Security personnel to Alert Stations. Fire and Disaster Crews standby. Condition Amber One. Four minutes, forty-five seconds before the final countdown commences.

PETRA HAS MOVED OVER TO THE COMPUTATION JOINS HER.

REWRITE: EPISODE FOUR.

Page 19, Scene 13. Delete from the second para, nearly halfway down the page, from: SUDDENLY A TERRIFYING SCREECH,... through to the remainder of page 19, the whole of page 20 and two thirds of page 21, down to the end of TK 2. Substitute the following:

TAKE IN WIDE ON THE CORRIDOR AND SHOW THAT THE BARS OF THE SECOND CELL HAVE BEEN LITERALLY BENT OR TORN BY SOME INCREDIBLE FORCE. AS YET THE DOCTOR CAN'T SEE THIS FROM HIS VIEW POINT IN HIS OWN CELL - BUT HE CAN HEAR THE SUDDEN TERRIFYING SCREECH THAT RENTS THE AIR. HE LOOKS UP.

SILHQUETTED AGAINST THE CORRIDOR WALL IS THE SHADOW OF A DEFORMED, APE-LIKE FIGURE - IT'S HUGE ARMS REACHING FORWARD. THE BED IN THAT CELL IS NOW EMPTY - AND THE CREATURE MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD.

AS IT COMES INTO VIEW WE CAN SEE THAT IT IS THE TECHNICIAN THE DOCTOR FOUGHT WITH ON THE CATWALK EARLIER. BUT NOW THE METAMORPHOSIS HAS ADVANCED. THE FACE IS TWISTED AND HORRIFIC. AROUND THE CREATURE'S BODY REMAIN THE TATTERED, SMOULDERING REMNANTS OF THE TECHNICIAN'S COAT (IT SHOULD BE POINTED OUT THAT, AT THIS STAGE, THE TECHNICIAN HAS NOT BEEN FULLY TRANSFORMED INTO A FULL PRIMEORD MONSTER. HE IS STILL HALF MAN-HALF BEAST, WITH STILL MANY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FORMER REMAINING.)

IT ADVANCES TOWARDS THE DOCTOR'S CELL, MOVING AT A RELATIVELY SLOW PACE. THE DOCTOR BACKS AWAY FROM THE BARS, HORRIFIED AT THE APPARITION BEFORE HIM.

IT SCREECHES AGAIN, TAKES A FIRM GRIP ON THE BARS WITH ITS CLAWLIKE ARMS AND SLOWLY BENDS THE BARS BACK. THE DOCTOR RETREATS.

THE CREATURE HAS NOW BENT THE BARS FAR ENOUGH BACK TO ALLOW HIM TO CLAMBER THROUGH. WITH ARMS OUT-STRETCHED HE ADVANCES TOWARDS THE DOCTOR, EYES BLAZING WITH UNNATURAL FURY.

THE DOCTOR EDGES INTO A CORNER, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR SOME WEAPON TO DEFEND HIMSELF. THE ONLY THING TO HAND IS THE CHAIR. HE GRABS THIS AND FLINGS IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE TECHNICIAN.

FOR A MOMENT THE CREATURE IS CAUGHT OFF BALANCE AND THE DOCTOR WHIPS

more;

ROUND IT AND WAITS FOR THE HOLE IN THE BARS.

THE CREATURE REGAINS ITS BALANCE, TURNS AND LUNGES FOR THE DOCTOR - WHO SIDESTEPS JUST IN TIME. THE CREATURE IS CARRIED FORWARD BY ITS OWN MOMENTUM AND CRASHES AGAINST THE TABLE, SPLINTERING IT INTO MATCHWOOD. THE DOCTOR RUSHES THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE BARS AND RUNS TOWARDS THE FAR END OF THE CORRIDOR. A DOOR BARS HIS WAY. HE WRENCHES AT THE DOOR KNOB - BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. THE DOOR IS TIGHTLY LOCKED. HIS ONLY ESCAPE LIES AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR.

THE DOCTOR TURNS - BUT FINDS THAT THE CREATURE HAS NOW ALSO CLAMBERED OUT OF THE CELL AND STANDS BARRING HIS WAY. VERY SLOWLY IT MOVES TOWARDS HIM, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED.

THE DOCTOR FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL BESIDE THE LOCKED DOOR - AND ~~HE~~ TOUCHES ONE OF THE MANY FIRE EXTINGUISHERS BRACKETTED ABOUT THE PLACE. REMEMBERING THE EFFECT THE FOAM HAD EARLIER, HE GRABS IT DOWN AND TURNS THE NOZZLE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HIDDEN CREATURE. A JET OF FOAM SHOOTs OUT AND HITS IT SQUARELY. THE TECHNICIAN REELS BACK SHRIEKING LOUDLY. IT STAGGERS AGAINST THE NEAREST WALL, TEARING AT THE FOAM CLINGING TO IT.

THE DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY, ANXIOUS TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE WHILST THE CREATURE IS DISTRACTED. HE CREEPS PAST. THE CREATURE MAKES A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO TAKE A SWIPE AT HIM - BUT SEEMS MORE CONCERNED AT GETTING THE FOAM OFF HIM THAN ATTACKING THE DOCTOR.

SAFELY PAST THE CREATURE - THE DOCTOR RUSHES FOR THE OTHER DOOR AT THE OTHER END. HE GETS TO IT AND MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ THE CREATURE MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW HIM.

CUT TO:

TK 2. Roadway nearby (II). Day.

A fire-fighting truck stands at the curbside.

The DOCTOR comes tearing out of a nearby building, casting anxious glances behind him. He spots the truck and is about to make a dash for it - when he sees a couple of patrolling SOLDIERS. He darts into a doorway

more!

until they have passed by.

Then he moves out and half walks, half runs to the truck. He's about to clamber into the driving seat - when he spots someone else approaching. He rushes round to the other side and gets into the back of the truck.

The person he saw approaching is the DRIVER, who gets into the vehicle's cab, starts the engine and drives the truck off - with the DOCTOR inside.

Cut to:

(Pick up on Scene 14, Page 21 of original draft and continue through)

SUTTON: Where's the Professor ?

PETRA: I don't know.

SUTTON: Only a few more minutes before the final countdown...

PETRA: He'll be here.

SUTTON: There's still time to shut down.

PETRA: Out of the question.

SUTTON: There's something wrong. Something badly wrong. I can feel it.

PETRA: You've been paying too much attention to that computer.

SUTTON: Is it still sending out warnings ?

PETRA: Yes.

AND DESPITE HER OUTWARD CALM, PETRA IS NOW DEFINITELY WORRIED.

L'SPEAKER: (V.C.) Condition Amber Two. Four minutes before final countdown commences. Penetration set at minus thirty-four minutes from - now. Open all main resistor banks. Set Reactor to automatic line. All 'C' class personnel evacuate the Operational Site. 'A' and 'B' class personnel standby. Restrict all entry to the Complex. Condition Amber Two. Repeat, Condition Amber Two.

SUTTON AND PETRA EXCHANGE GLANCES.

IN THE B.G. LIZ AND THE BRIGADIER COME INTO CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

TK 3. Main Roadway inside Complex. Day.

The fire-fighting truck hurries along the road on its way towards the Operational Building.

Cut to:

Inside the Truck.

The DOCTOR is examining his hiding place in the back of the truck. He sorts through some equipment - and comes across a pile of those "Heater" suits. His eyes light up. Quickly he selects one and starts putting it on.

Cut to:

15. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). LATER.

(C.I: 00HRS: 29MINS. DEPTH: STILL JUST ABOVE THE 10 ,000FT MARK.)

SOME TECHNICIANS HAVE DONNED EAR-PHONES. TV MONITORS ARE ON. SILENT TENSION STILL MOUNTING.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Condition Red One. The final countdown has commenced. Drill relays switch to robot control. Emergency crews assemble. Condition Red One. Repeat, Condition Red One. Minus 29 minutes, 20 seconds to final penetration.

THE BRIGADIER HAS MOVED TO A COMMUNICATIONS PANEL AND IS QUIETLY RELAYING INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SECURITY GUARDS. LIZ STANDS BESIDE HIM.

SUTTON HAS JOINED HIS 'DISASTER' TEAM AS THEY DON THEIR SUITS.

PETRA IS STILL AT THE COMPUTER, NOW TAKING MORE AND MORE NOTICE OF IT.

SUDDENLY THE MACHINE RATTLES TO A STOP. PETRA LOOKS UP. STAHLMAN IS STANDING AT THE COMPUTER'S MAIN SWITCH. HIS WHITE GLOVES ARE BACK ON.

STAHLMAN: I gave orders that the computer was to be ignored.

PETRA: Professor, we've been looking for you...

STAHLMAN: Get to your post, Miss Williams.

PETRA: But I think you ought to know...

STAHLMAN: Get to your post.

PETRA NODS AND MOVES AWAY TO AN ELECTRONIC PANEL AND SUPERVISES THE TECHNICIANS WORKING THERE.

STAHLMAN DIGS HIS GLOVED HANDS BACK IN HIS POCKETS. THAT FRENZIED LOOK GLINTS IN HIS EYES. HE STARES UP AT THE COUNTDOWN INDICATOR.

CUT TO:

16. INT. SECURITY CELL (II). LATER.

THE SERGEANT COMES INTO THE CORRIDOR. HE RUSHES OVER TO THE DEAD SENTRY - AND THEN LOOKS UP AT THE SHATTERED STEEL BARS OF THE CELL. HE GOES QUICKLY TO A WALL PHONE.

CUT TO:

17. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (ID). SAME TIME.

A PHONE NEAR LIZ BUZZES. SHE LIFTS THE RECEIVER.

LIZ: (ONTO PHONE) Yes ? (BEAT)
Yes, Sergeant. How long ago ? Yes, the
Brigadier is right beside me.

SHE SLAMS DOWN THE RECEIVER AND TURN
TO THE BRIGADIER.

LIZ: The prisoner has escaped, sir !

BRIGADIER: What ??

LIZ: And the duty sentry is dead.

THE BRIGADIER MOVES QUICKLY OVER TO
STAHLMAN.

BRIGADIER: Excuse me, Professor.

STAHLMAN: What is it ?

BRIGADIER: I have to report that the prisoner
has escaped, sir.

STAHLMAN: Give orders that he is to be shot
on sight.

BRIGADIER: But...

STAHLMAN: Shot on sight !

THE BRIGADIER RETURNS TO HIS COMMUN-
ICATIONS PANEL.

CUT TO:

TK 4. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

The fire-fighting truck draws up alongside others
which are now standing by outside the Operat-
ional Building.

Cut to:

Inside the Truck.

The DOCTOR is fully garbed in a 'disaster'
suit. As the truck stops he dons the headgear.

Cut to:

Outside the Operational Building. Day.

The DOCTOR peeps out of the back of the truck,
but there are soldiers close by. He ducks
quickly back into the truck.

Mix to:

1. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). LATER.

(C.I: 00HRS: 00MINS. DEPTH: JUST TOUCHING THE 10,000FT MARK.)

EVERYONE IN CENTRAL CONTROL IS SILENT
EACH PERSON CONCENTRATING ON THEIR
JOB.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Condition Red One.
Countdown continues. Minus eight minutes,
thirty seconds to final penetration. All monitor
switched to remote. Final phasing commenced.
Minus eight minutes, twenty seconds. Coolant
reserves at full Pressure...

WHILST THE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE DRONES
ON WE COME IN CLOSE ON STAHLMAN'S
FACE. FAINTLY WE CAN HEAR THAT
SCREECHING SOUND. HIS LIPS ARE TWIST-
ED IN ANTICIPATION.

MIX TO:

19. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME. +

(C.I: AND DEPTH, AS IN CENTRAL CONTROL

ONLY A MINIMUM OF STAFF ARE IN THIS
AREA. LIKE THEIR COLLEAGUES IN CENTRAL
CONTROL THEY SIT OR STAND, STOCK STILL
EARPHONES AND TV MONITORS ACTIVATED.

THE LOUDSPEAKER VOICE HAS CONTINUED
THROUGH THE SCENE CHANGE.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) ...Nuclear power building
up to maximum. Surge monitors operating.
Buffer system activated. Minus eight minutes,
ten seconds. Standby to switch to Condition
Red Two.

MIX TO:

TK 5. Outside the Operational Building. Day.

The soldiers have their backs to the truck now.
The DOCTOR slips quietly away, unseen by
them, and joins a group of 'disaster'-suited
men as they move towards the main entrance.
He falls into step and goes with them into the
building.

Mix to:

20. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). A LITTLE
LATER.

C.I: 00HRS: 02MINS. DEPTH: STILL ON
THE 100,000FT MARK.)

ALL EYES ARE NOW ON THE COUNTDOWN INDICATOR. CUT TO CU: ON LIZ, SUTTON, PETRA, THE BRIGADIER - AND FINALLY STAHLMAN. THE TENSION IS REFLECTED ON ALL THEIR FACES.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Condition Red Three. Minus Two minutes, thirty seconds to final penetration.

IN THE B.G. THE SMALL GROUP OF 'DISASTER'-SUITED MEN ENTER CENTRAL CONTROL AND TAKE UP THEIR POSITIONS BY THE MAIN DOOR. WE COME IN ON ~~ONE~~ ONE OF THEM - THE DOCTOR, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE OTHERS IN HIS SUIT. HE LOOKS UP AT THE COUNTDOWN INDICATOR - AND WE SEE THE SHOCKED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE THROUGH THE VIZOR. THEN HE LOOKS OVER TO THE COMPUTER. HE FROWNS AS HE SEES THAT, ONCE AGAIN, IT IS SILENT. THEN HE LOOKS OVER TO THE NUCLEUR POWER SWITCHBOARD. SLOWLY HE MOVES TOWARDS IT.

SUTTON CATCHES SIGHT OF THE MOVING FIGURE.

SUTTON: (CALLS) You, there. Get back to your station!

BUT THE DOCTOR CONTINUES TOWARDS THE SWITCHBOARD.

A'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus two minutes, ten seconds. Final countdown continues.

SUTTON MOVES TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.

SUTTON: Didn't you hear what I said? Get away from that switchboard and back to your station!

THE BRIGADIER MOVES FORWARD TO ~~cut off~~ CUT OFF THE DOCTOR'S PATH.

BRIGADIER: You - what's your name?

SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER CLOSE IN ON THE DOCTOR, PEERING AT HIS VIZOR, TRYING TO IDENTIFY THE MAN INSIDE.

THE DOCTOR CHANGES HIS DIRECTION AND MOVES TOWARDS THE TUNNEL LEADING TO THE DRILL-HEAD AREA.

BRIGADIER: Stop that man!

THE DOCTOR WHIPS OFF HIS HEADGEAR.

DR WHO: More to the point - stop the countdown - before it's too late!

BRIGADIER: It's the prisoner!

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

STAHLMAN: Shoot him ! Shoot him !

SUTTON: Are you mad ? Not in here !
Get him outside !

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus one minute, fifty seconds.

SUTTON, THE BRIGADIER, LIZ AND STAHLMAN ADVANCE ON THE DOCTOR. HE BACKS UP TOWARDS THE TUNNEL MOUTH.

DR WHO: That computer was trying to warn you. You must not break through the Earth's crust. You'll release forces you never dreamed could exist.

STAHLMAN: Shoot him !

SUTTON AND THE BRIGADIER ARE VERY CLOSE NOW.

BUT SUDDENLY THEY STOP. FROM THE TUNNEL MOUTH COMES A DISTANT RUMBLING SOUND. UNDER IT WE CAN HEAR THAT SCREECHING NOISE.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

21. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME.

THE SOUND IS MUCH LOUDER IN HERE. THE TECHNICIANS TURN AND LOOK AT THE MASS OF PIPES LEADING OUT OF THE FLOOR OF THE DRILL-HEAD. THEY SEEM TO BE VIBRATING.

CUT TO:

22. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR HAS CAUSED THE TUNNEL DOORS TO SLIDE BACK - AND THE SOUND SEEMS TO GUSH THROUGH.

DR WHO: Listen to that !

SUTTON: What is it ?

DR WHO: (DESPERATELY) I'll tell you what it is. That's the sound of this planet screaming out its rage ! It's the sound of the Apocalypse, of Armageddon ! It's a death cry !!

STAHLMAN: Don't listen...

DR WHO: There's a nightmare waiting for you down at the bottom of that shaft. You must believe me ! Listen to that noise ! Have you ever stood on the lip of Vesuvius or Stromboli ? That's the sound !

L'SPEAKER: Minus forty seconds.

STAHLMAN: Brigadier, I order you...

BRIGADIER: Yes, yes - alright.

THE BRIGADIER OPENS THE HOLSTER AT HIS WAIST. SLOWLY HE BRINGS OUT A MAUSER OR LUGER TYPE PISTOL.

LIZ: Brigadier, wait...

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus thirty seconds...

STAHLMAN: I must have those tunnel doors closed. Get on with it, man!

THE SCREECHING NOISE FROM THE DRILL-HEAD IS GETTING LOUDER.

STAHLMAN: Shoot! Shoot!

THE BRIGADIER LIFTS THE PISTOL AND AIM IT AT THE DOCTOR'S HEAD.

CUT TO:

23. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA (II). SAME TIME.

THE SCREECHING NOISE IS RISING TO A TERRIBLE PITCH IN HERE. TECHNICIANS WRENCH OFF THEIR EARPHONES AND PUT THEIR HANDS OVER THEIR EARS TO SHUT OUT THE NOISE.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus twenty seconds..

THE PIPES SHUDDER EVEN MORE.

SOME OF THE TECHNICIANS BEGIN TO EDGE TOWARDS THE TUNNEL MOUTH.

CUT BACK TO:

24. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL (II). SAME TIME.

THE NOISE GROWING LOUDER IN HERE, TOO

STAHLMAN: What are you waiting for?

BRIGADIER: That noise... It's deafening...

SUTTON: (ANXIOUSLY) Too much pressure on the Output Pipes!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Minus ten seconds...

SUTTON: Close down!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Nine...

PETRA: Too late!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Eight...

STAHLMAN ADVANCES TOWARDS THE BRIGADIER.

STAHLMAN: Give me that gun!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Seven...

LIZ: Stop him!

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Six...

BUT STAHLMAN IS TUGGING AT THE BRIGADIER'S PISTOL.

BRIGADIER: Professor...

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Five...

THE NOISE LOUDER STILL. PEOPLE IN CENTRAL CONTROL HAVE THEIR EARS COVERED AGAINST THE DIN.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Four...

STAHLMAN WRENCHES THE GUN FROM THE BRIGADIER. HE TAKES IT IN BOTH HANDS, FUMBLING WITH IT, HAMPERED BY THE GLOVES ON HIS HANDS.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Three...

EVERYONE IS TOO CONCERNED WITH THE NOISE TO STOP STAHLMAN. HE MANAGES TO POINT THE GUN AT THE DOCTOR.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) Two...

THE DOCTOR EDGES BACK, WAITING FOR THE SHOT.

L'SPEAKER: (V.O.) One...

STAHLMAN'S GLOVED FINGERS ON THE TRIGGER TIGHTEN.

C.U. ON THE DOCTOR'S AGONISED FACE.
CUT TO QUICKLY WITH THEME, ETC.

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.